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Raise high the song, the loud hymn of devotion,  
Give homage to Mary, our lady, our queen!

Loud glorias peal, and with reverberant blast,  
Throughout the illumined space,  
The silver trumpets clang!  
Doffed is the casque, the mitred head bent low,  
The song subsides, and on that marvellous crowd

An awful silence dwells!  
A Presence is among them—  
A Being gracious as resplendent.  
And the resuscitate host is filled with holy terror!

She smiles benignly on the kneeling throng,  
And melts with heavenly look the still, deep fear!

Again the hymn breaks forth,  
With heavenly, earthly voices join,  
Monks, warriors, martyrs swell the raptured strain!

Lo! where she comes, all meek, yet all noble,  
The glory celestial encircling her brows.  
Fall prostrate, ye thousands, all lowly adore her;

Bare your swords, valiant knights, yet once make your vows;  
Chant psalms, ye priests; let the harmonies roll

Till the gorgeous temple resounds to its veil.

Through our midst she is moving, the chosen, the holy:

Hail, Mary, Madonna, blest Virgin, all hail!

The voices ceased, the echoes died away,  
The mighty pillars throbbed no more with flame;

The roof closed in, the pageant vanished,  
And the darkness swathed once more  
The sombre nave.

Still on the air the organ's notes float sad and wailing,

Still through the storied windows streams the moon's soft light,

Still rest the things of earth;

The mute Colossi yet bear up

The vaulted roof;

The shrines still glimmer in the dim night air,

The mystic glories of my vision—

Gone!

ARTHUR MATTHISON.

POWER OF ASSOCIATION.—There is a tune in Switzerland, which the young shepherds perform on a sort of pipe. It is called the *Ranz des vaches*, is wild and irregular, and has but little in its composition to recommend it to our notice. But the Swiss are so intoxicated with this tune, that if at any time they hear it, when abroad in foreign service, they burst into tears; nay more, they often fall sick, and even die, of a passionate desire to revisit their native country; for which reason, in some armies where they serve, the playing of this tune is prohibited. This air, having been the familiar companion of their childhood and early youth, recalls to their memory those regions of wild beauty and rude magnificence, those days of liberty and peace, those nights of festivity, those happy assemblies, those tender passions, which formerly endeared them to their country, their homes, and their employments; and which, when compared with the scenes of tumult in which they are now engaged, and the servitude they now undergo, awaken such a regret as entirely overpowers them.

## MUSICAL LETTERS BY FERDINAND HILLER.

JOSEPHINE LANG, THE SONG-COMPOSER.

When noticing, some years ago, Mendelssohn's *Reisebriefe*, I gave an extract out of one, dated from Munich, in which the great composer expresses himself ecstatically concerning the talent of "little L." "She possesses the gift of composing and singing songs," says the never-to-be-forgotten artist, "to a degree I never knew before," and he states it as his opinion that "the man who is not moved by them has no feeling for anything." Josephine Lang (for it was she who rendered Mendelssohn so enthusiastic) has not left off singing beautiful songs, though, perhaps, the pleasing voice, with which she then rendered them may have gone. Through all the changes of life, the Muse has remained faithful to her, and as a *producing* musician she has probably few or no fair rivals. How comes it then that her name and her strains are, comparatively speaking, so little known to the great mass of the public? that a phenomenon, whose worth ought to be esteemed the more highly for its rarity, has remained a stranger for a large number of musically-educated persons? Perhaps the following lines will explain this fact. I may be considered as acting indiscreetly towards a lady who is my friend, but the artist will forgive me. The courteous readers, especially the female ones, of these pages will certainly turn to the artist with increased interest, when they have obtained a glimpse of the joys and the sufferings which have fallen to the lot of the daughter, the wife, and the mother. The 14th of March, 1815, was the day of Josephine's birth. Even at her cradle joy and care were commingled, for she was so small and delicate that her parents never called her anything but the "*Ängstkind*" ("Child of Anxiety"), in contradistinction to a little brother four years old. The said little brother, Ferdinand, has long been first low comedian at the Theatre Royal, Munich, and a great favorite with the public there. Music and dramatic art were inherent in the family. Anna Lang, the grandmother on the paternal side, was a most famous actress, while the father's sister, Margarethe, was scarcely inferior to her in talent. Margarethe became the wife of the well-known low comedian, "Carl," the founder of the celebrated Carl-Theatre, Vienna. Another Aunt was a pleasing Soubrette; and her father himself a sterling violinist, while his brothers were respectable members of the Royal Orchestra. The grandmamma and her sisters on the maternal side were distinguished singers. Her mother, Regina Lang, a pupil of Winter, was one of the most fascinating personages of her day, and it was for her that the part of Myrra in *Das unterbrochene Opferfest* was written. Her husband soon took her off the stage, as her peculiarly gentle and tender nature could not support the wear and tear of it. She continued to be a Royal Chamber and Chapel Singer; made tours, from time to time, as a concert singer; and gave lessons. Despite the boundless love, care, and tenderness with which her excellent parents brought her up, Josephine was, for a long time, a most bashful, quiet and timid child. Her playfellows did not know what to do with her; she took no delight in their merry games, during which she would withdraw into some solitary nook or corner. On the other hand, she would sit for whole days at the foot of

her mother, when the latter was playing, her greatest delight being for mamma to take her upon her lap, place her tiny fingers upon the keyboard, and, with a thousand endearments, teach her to play or sing little pieces. When only in her third year, she could play these correctly and in proper time, to the astonishment of everyone, while in her earliest childhood she sang with her mother and brother the trio from *Die Zauberflöte*, and could take the tenor part. At times, when not watched, she would raise herself by means of a footstool and find out on the piano accompaniments for her little songs. Her parents were naturally both astounded and delighted, and their delight was increased when the little thing, who soon did not wish to leave the instrument at all, invented melodies for herself. She was, however, generally silent and sorrowful, and her corporal as well as mental development, frequently interrupted by illness, progressed so slowly that her parents were in a continual state of anxiety on her account. They had not the courage to send her to school, and her private tutor was requested to restrict for a time his instruction to the most essential subjects. Josephine was five years old when she wrote her first melody to words, which, also, were due to her pen. While, standing upon her stool, she was singing at the piano, her brother's music-master entered the room, and was not slightly astonished, when, in reply to his question, whence she had obtained the song, she replied she had made it herself. The foolish words caused him to laugh, but, taking a pen, he wrote down the melody, and told her parents they ought no longer to delay letting her have regular pianoforte lessons. She now began the latter, but with little success. One master followed another, yet the child was not materially advanced—the lessons were irksome to her. But she made sufficient progress to be enabled in her own way to devote herself to *instrumental composition*. To invent and play marches, waltzes and other dances, was her greatest source of enjoyment, and procured her numerous presents. The first heavy blow of fate, the death of her mother, which she felt most deeply, overtook her in her ninth year. She passed two or three years with her grandmother, and went on, as well as she could, with her music. She took the greatest interest in being present at the lessons her grandmother gave young actresses. Charlotte von Hagen, afterwards so celebrated, was at that period under this lady's tuition.

Josephine was about eleven years old when her father contracted a second marriage with the widow of a musician who had been a friend of his. The lady, an accomplished, amiable, and, at the same time, energetic, and active woman, infused new life into the family. The exceedingly unsystematic mode of life pursued by her little step-daughter, to whom she turned with motherly love, was perfectly hateful to her. She gave her masters to teach her drawing, dancing, and the French language, but for music the right man was not yet found. Her pianoforte master went to sleep during the lesson, and left her to her own caprices. A mere accident was destined to help her. At a party at Herr Aseher's, where Josephine had to show off as an infant phenomenon, Mdlle. Berlinghoff, then the most popular and brilliant pianist in Munich, happened to be present. The child's talent pleased her so much, that she made her parents an offer to teach her for nothing, and when Josephine heard her

ind mistress play, a new world opened to her. With all the energy she possessed she devoted herself to her studies. Her progress was proportionate to her exertions, for, in no more than the space of a twelvemonth, she was able to appear publicly at a Museum-Concert. She made her *début* in Variations by Henri Herz, who, at that period, swayed almost exclusively pianoforte dilettanteism. Despite much suffering, Josephine enjoyed the season of her youth.

One of her dearest reminiscences is that of the visits, frequently of several months' duration, which she paid to the château of one of her father's patrons on the banks of the Starenberger Lake, when she was left entirely to herself; when the air from the forest and lake exercised an invigorating influence upon her delicate health; and the magnificent aspect of Nature could not fail to expand her mind poetically and musically. But that which, from her earliest childhood, exercised the greatest influence on her was her intimacy with the celebrated painter, Stieler, (her godfather,) and his worthy family. To play about his studio; to see him at work; to listen while he spoke with enthusiasm of his intercourse with Goethe and Beethoven; to pass the fine season of the year, at his villa on the banks of the Tegern Lake, with him and his family, where they rocked upon the water as they sang in the moonlight, or lay in mountain-huts, and, above all, to feel that she enjoyed the love of such excellent people—all this lent a charm to her existence, and elevated her whole nature. I must not omit to mention that among the musical events that produced an impression upon her in her earliest childhood, was the fact of her attending a performance of the Italian opera, in Munich. Her mother took her to the theatre, and held her on her knees during the representation. It was thus that Josephine heard, as though in a dream, such specimens of vocal art as now belong to the greatest rarities.

But while her reminiscence of the stage is still one of the most charming our friend enjoys, a fearfully horrible picture is attached to it: that of the great fire at the theatre. Her mother was the last person to leave with her the house—just as she got to the bottom of the stairs the rafters of the roof fell in. The two were saved, as though by a miracle, from destruction. Only a few years elapsed, and Josephine, still half a child, was one of the first pianoforte-teachers in Munich, and able not only to achieve an independent position for herself, but to assist her family, who were now far from well off. What satisfaction this must have afforded her, every one will feel. But she did almost too much work for her strength. While numerous pupils were taking up most of her time, she attended an Institution where she learned English and Italian, being obliged to encroach upon her nights, in order to satisfy the demands made upon her, as a pianist, at parties and concerts. Yet through all this was twined a chain of lyrical productions. When she read a poem that pleased her, it fashioned itself into music during the perusal—each joyous, each sorrowful, event became the embryo of a song. She sang these things to her enthusiastic pupils, and, on all sides, was she encouraged, urged forward, pressed and impelled onward. In this fashion, a whole collection was produced, but the various pieces were only most defectively noted down on loose sheets of paper. Her time was sold to strangers—but her musical soul

went on working and producing, without heeding aught that was passing around her. She was playing one day—herself, despite of everything, still a child—with Stieler's children, when she was summoned to the drawing-room, where there was a visitor.

It was Felix Mendelssohn, of whom she had then never heard. She had to sing him her songs; he asked her to repeat them, and kept begging her for more. What an impression was produced on him by these outpourings of talent, in the best acceptance of the terms, ingenious and true, we all know from his letters. But the influence exerted by this meeting on Josephine's entire development, can be appreciated only by those who were happy enough to know Mendelssohn personally. She heard him play and extemporize every day, and what he said was gospel for her. He scolded her for wasting her time in bravura concert performances, turned her attention to the works of the great masters, recommended her to write out her songs nicely and properly, made her a present of Goethe's portrait, and urged her to keep on continually composing. The greatest part of the "very remarkable progress" she had made, when he returned a year subsequently to Munich, she owed probably to his exhortations. He would now take no refusal, but gave her lessons in thoroughbass every day from twelve to one; he insisted on teaching her what, according to his expression, "she already knew from nature," and during his lessons, as she, in joyous recollection of them says: "it seemed as though the scales fell from her eyes." How proud she must have felt when Mendelssohn extemporized, as he alone could extemporize, on her songs; when he brought his friends Marx and Hauser to see her, so that she might sing them these same songs; and wrote out for her his own first "Lied ohne Worte," then just composed! Nay, he wanted her to go to Berlin, to study composition under Zelter and the piano under his sister. The young girl revelled in the sweetest dreams, but everything was shipwrecked on her father's anxiety for her health, and—on his love. He could not make up his mind to separate from his greatest treasure. The parting from her glorious master caused Josephine deep pain and lasting sorrow—for whom was she now to create new songs; to whom was she to sing them? Mendelssohn has always remained, and always will remain, the Ideal of her artistic efforts.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A fine specimen of the lyre bird has been received at the Zoological Gardens in London from New South Wales. It is about the size of a fowl, is of a brown color, and would not be in any way remarkable were it not for its extraordinary tail. This mainly consists of two curved feathers, each about two feet in length, so curved that they present the exact shape of an ancient lyre. Between these curved feathers are others of a filamentous character, that may be taken, not inaptly, to represent the strings of that instrument.

The Nightingale cooing in a "Thunder Storm," as applied to Piano Fortes, has been interpreted to mean, the treble (Nightingale) is so weak that the bass (Thunder Storm) completely drowns the cooing. Rossini's remark on certain pianos infers that the least heard of them the better.

MENDELSSOHN AND HANDEL.—If, turning from this more abstract discussion, we endeavour to define the place of Mendelssohn among modern musicians, we shall perhaps not be far wrong in saying, that of the numerous progeny of the school of Sebastian Bach, he is the composer who, with an unmistakable stamp and character of his own, has combined the most eclectic tendencies. Mendelssohn was essentially a learned musician, whose every fibre was first of all soaked through and through with Bach, the object of his fervent adoration, and he was never weary, moreover, of ransacking the musical libraries of Europe, hunting up old manuscripts with the zeal of an antiquarian, and going into ecstasies of delight if a sympathetic friend introduced him to some new parchment of some forgotten composer. Yet it would be impossible to accuse him of plagiarism, for every bar of his music is as unmistakably marked with his own seal as if the same or a similar combination had never occurred to any other writer. No man was less likely to fall into the absurd cant of what is called the "music of the future." His whole *témper* was alien to the very idea. But it is easy to see how strongly he was influenced by the modern spirit, and how the vague and dreamy element, the restless and troubled spirit arising out of the rush and turmoil of modern life, worked upon his naturally ardent mind, and everywhere peeped out of his music, even through the classical and scientific forms with which his studies had supplied him. If we were asked in one word to define the pervading characteristic of Mendelssohn's music, we should say, "movement." And by movement we do not, of course, mean rapidity of execution—although many of his allegros are remarkable for their headlong impetuosity, as it were, their tumultuous rush, (as of cataracts in motion), and although many friendly critics objected to the tremendous pace at which he always took his own music—but, as it seems to us, even in his slow movements there is always a suggestive, prospective, and anticipatory effect, as if arising out of a sigh of expectation for something longed for and looked forward to. And, in this, he differs in a very marked degree from the other classical composers, who seem, in working out a theme, to be dwelling emphatically upon something in the past, building up everlasting temples of silvery sound to foregone and blessed memories, rather than hastening towards something ever beyond. Hence, too, and branching out of the same characteristic, arises, we think, Mendelssohn's great success in scherzos and fairy music of all sorts—which are, in fact, the very poetry of motion and unrest. Handel, when he painted the motion of a crowd, painted it, like a great historical painter, as in the past. We see the beginning and the end. The frame of the picture is laid, and the details worked out; but there is not the vestige of a yearning on the part of the composer towards a something beyond him, towards which he is unconsciously striving. In Handel's music, the song of the singers and the shout of the crowds, however tender and sublime, or august and magnificent, are things of the past; it is, according to Handel, how they sang and shouted, if they sang and shouted at all; it is not Handel's own yearning in other men's mouths. But in all that Mendelssohn wrote, we do not know a bar which does not seem to be the intimate expression of the composer's own aspirations. And as he was a great master of classical,